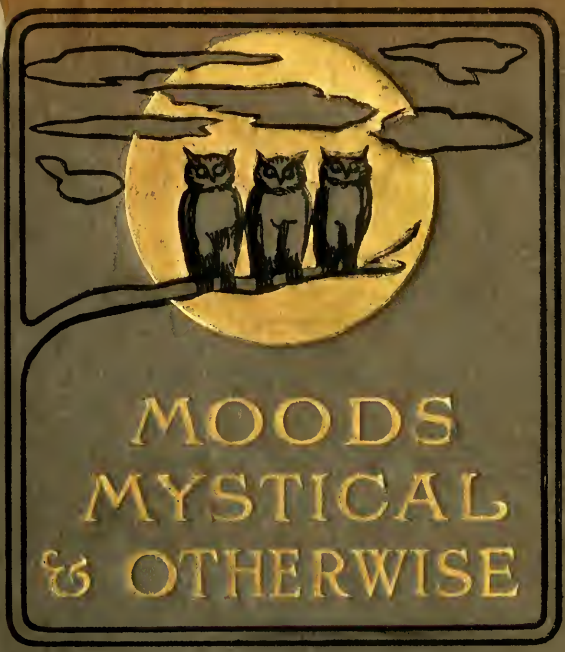

MOODS MYSTICAL & OTHERWISE

ANNE VYNE TILLERY

Class PS3539
Book .I52M6
Copyright No. 1904

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Moods
Mystical and Otherwise

BY

ANNE VYNE TILLERY

Author of "Dream Verses"

BOSTON

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1914

PS3537
M6
I52
1914

Copyright, 1914
Sherman, French & Company

$1.00
NOV 30 1914
©CLA387743
No 1

TO

HER WHO WOULD HELP
WHOEVER SHE MAY BE

I pray in behalf of a holier theme,—
A love-vision purified, rare,—
That shall waken the heart of a poet's dream
And the loftiest thought declare.

Thou, O Thou wonderful, Sovereign Lord,
The truths of the mighty proclaim,
And write on the lips of the newborn word
A hint of Thy glorious name.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Dusk Veils	1
A New Time	2
My Kinsmen	3
Mr. Spring Sunshine	4
Dancing Grasses	6
Balm of Pine	7
Willow-weeds	8
The Cut in the Road	9
A Song of Summer	10
Cotton Fields	11
Corn Song	12
When the Brook Says "Hush"	13
A Violet Grown Old	14
Withered Lilies	15
Bailey Blessings	16
Little Wet Flowers	17
Such a Day	18
A Love Fancy	19
To Emilie	20
Like Thee	21
Night Visions	22
A Little Farewell	23
Good Night, Love	24
Romance	25
Life	27
A "Melody in F"	28
The Dust that is to be	29
Little Teakettle	30
"Doin's"	31

PAGE

Song of the Bullfrogs 32
Ghosts 34
Fancy 35
Pines Moonlit 36
The Burial of Dreams 37
Could We but Know 39
Paths 40
On the Life of Things 41
My Life Gift 42
To the World Silent 43
As I Pass 44
Heart of Hunger 46
Being Blue 47
A Void 48
Eyes of Error 49
Child Heart 50
Down the Glen 51
Life's Trinity 52
A Way of Thinking 53
Mexico 54
At Buena Vista 56
The Net 58
Immigrant 60
A Prayer 62
Pure of Heart 63
A Hope Song 64
Purity 65
Prayer Sympathy 67
Mine Host 68

MOODS MYSTICAL AND OTHERWISE

DUSK VEILS

Low-hung in the western heavens,
On the brim of the late coming night,
Mist-hung in the trailing sunset,
Is the veil of the new twilight.

Wind-swept in the clouds of the evening
Is the crescent, all tender and shy;
Bride-deckt for the rich, full midnight,
And veiled in the garments of sky.

Star-dust on the path of midnight,
And over the veil-hung way
She touched on the key of the morning,
And, lo! all the night was day!

A NEW TIME

Leaf things spoke softly
And cloud drifts wept,
Changing sun fancies
Awoke and slept.

Moon-beams swept downward,
Mixed with the rain,
And all was wet moonlight
O'er hill and plain.

New colors enraptured
Called for a chance
To cover the woodlands,
On streams to dance.

God in the springtime
Whispered of love,
So man for a soul-gift
Reached out and above.

Wee grass-flowers to bird-heart tuned
And notes of a wren to tree-buds start,
A-throb with the rush of the mystic life,
And all in tune with the great God-heart.
These are born of my blood,
These my kinsmen of the sod!

Juices of plants by the roadside grown,
And sap of singing, wild, pine tree,
And lustre of broken brook and sod
And big stone fancies, reflecting God,—
All of these belong to me,
My kinsmen, as He has said they be!

Wild-voiced wind of a wintry eve,
And snow on the window pane;
And the hurrying clatter of angry hail,
And the sob of a winter rain
Are all in the blood and bone,—
Are parts of men when I am alone!

Drops of dew and the autumn flags,
And the rustle of death among the trees,
And the night when drear and the night when
glad,
And all of the songs of the summer breeze
Are my kinsmen all,—
My heart-response to the nature-call!

MR. SPRING SUNSHINE

To the little shut-in valleys,
Little weaklings of the hill,
Comes an early morning greeting
And the whispering words, " Be still."
For far a-down the cloud ways,
Treading swift and sure and light,
Comes the messenger of springtime
To the gateway of the night.
Mr. Spring Sunshine —
Oh, young Spring Sunshine —
The best Spring Sunshine
That ever could be!

He's the friend of all the daisies,
He's the father of the rose,
And the pansies nod and whisper
To the shut-ins, " There he goes."
And the woods are all a-blossom
And the birds are all a-thrill,
Thinking of the great ice-gaoler
And the long imprisoned rill.
For it's Mr. Spring Sunshine —
Oh, young Spring Sunshine —
The best Spring Sunshine
That ever could be!

He smiles at the little grasses
And he waves to the tender leaves,

He flirts with the brave little crocus,
And the sleepy old clod deceives.
He's the brother of the dewdrops,
He's the master of the year,
And everything is singing
That Mr. Spring is here.
For it's Mr. Spring Sunshine —
Oh, young Spring Sunshine —
The best Spring Sunshine
That ever could be!

The lilies are a-waking,
And 'tis time indeed, I think,
For they've heard the mating robins
And the bachelor bobolink;
And the earth is all a-quiver
With the love-kiss of the spring,
And he's put a big, gold halo
About 'most every thing.
For it's Mr. Spring Sunshine —
Oh, young Spring Sunshine —
The best Spring Sunshine
That ever could be!

DANCING GRASSES

Wet, white clothes on a swaying line,
And the sun on the dew-kissed world;
Fragrant breath of the waiting Spring;
Liquid music from bird-throat hurled;
And the dancing grasses,
The swaying grasses,
Wild at the will o' the wind!

Man, his mate, and the skies aflame
With the mystic touch and life of the sod;
And the light on earth and the light on sea,
New from the glorious hand of God!
And the dancing grasses
And the swaying grasses,
Wild at the will o' the wind!

Warm, deep scent of plum and peach,
With the timid new awe of an apple tree;
Piling clouds and their hurrying wings
Bespeak the summer that is to be.
And the dancing grasses,
The swaying grasses,
Wild at the will o' the wind!

BALM OF PINE

Woods moonlit on a sultry night,
And the world wrapped up in the ghostly light,
And sweet night fragrance,— all of it mine
In the glorious balm of the flowering pine!

Sounds, mystic through the lingering eve,
And a twilight fled away that the nights deceive,
And all through the glades the even-shine,
Mixed with the balm of the flowering pine!

God's sweet gift of a wondrous night!
The gentle air wears a robe of light;
For the soul and the life of me are a-glow
With that sweet, sad scent that the pine trees
know.

Hills, clad white with the sheen of the moon,
And the call of the dark in the call of the loon,
And all of the fragrance of the night is mine
In the lingering scent of the flowering pine!

WILLOW-WEEDS

Weeping Widow Willow,
Whispering to you,
Telling of her sorrow
In her tears of dew.

Weeping Widow Willow
Wearing trailing green,
Sighing for the morrow
With her veils a-lean.

Weeping Widow Willow,
Weeds of splendor make
Winds pass through a-sighing
For her tender sake.

Weeping Widow Willow,
Watch the morrow's sun;
He will take your heartache
Ere his course is run.

THE CUT IN THE ROAD

THERE's a cut in the road that winds away,
And the fancies of winds around it play,
And my heart leans out to the great wide world
Beyond the cut with flags unfurled.

For the Spring has set at naught the tale,
And I wander forth again without fail,—
Out to the news of heart and brain,
And out and on and on again.

The same old call of the newborn Springs
Has caught my heart in the rush of things;
My quiet and peace and rest are gone,
And I go out and on and on.

The cut in the road is the path for me,
As I wind away o'er the hills to the sea,
And the wail of the wave is my great charm-call
That puts an end to my rest — and all.

For out from the cut that starts the road
I wander far to take the load;
And hopes of rest to the dust are hurled
As I wind my will to the will of the world.

A SONG OF SUMMER

Meadows gray,
Break o' day,
Sunshine just a-comin';
Rustling corn,
Song o' morn,
Bees begin a-hummin'.

Birds awake,
Love calls make,
All is silver gladness;
Misty sun,
Dawn begun,—
This is July madness!

COTTON FIELDS

Cotton Fields! Cotton Fields!
Burst in bolls of white,
Dazzle all the sombre clod
With reflected light.

Cotton Fields! Cotton Fields!
Sing your service song!
Tell the many pickers
All the great day long.

Cotton Fields! Cotton Fields!
Teach the weary, teach
Of God's greatest sermons
Beyond the power of speech!

Cotton Fields! Cotton Fields!
For the weavers wait.
Time will find you standing
At his service gate!

CORN SONG

Wave of the corn in open field,
Song of the summer breeze,
Spears of the green with promised yield
Crested like the seas.
Sing, ah ho, for the coming grain,
Reapers and thrashers and such;
Sing, ah ho, for the sun and rain
And glorious earthborn touch.

God of the green and blue and gold,
Gift of wind and calm,
List to the melodies new and old —
Corn would sing its psalm.
Sing, ah ho, for the lilting strain,
Blade and tassel and ear;
Sing, ah ho, for the summer swain,
The summer swain and his dear!

Hope of the sod and the morning dew,
Child of the sun and wind,
Friend of the seasons, veined in blue
To satin fancies pinned.
Sing, ah ho, for the silken green
And the waving blades of grain;
Corn is singing, stalk a-lean,
To the whispering, mothering rain.

WHEN THE BROOK SAYS "HUSH"

THERE's time when the soul is turned away
From the thoughts of things that make man's play,
And out on the altars of big brook stones
The soul of man Divinity owns.
'Tis just at the end of the even call
When the night presents the day's gray pall.

There's a moment when man is charmed away
From the urgent needs of the hurrying day,—
A moment when all is the call to prayer
Out where the brooks and mountains are.
'Tis mentioned clear in the song of the thrush
When all of the winds and the brook say "Hush."

And birds and frogs and tree-things speak,
And the light of day and night are meek
With nearer presence of nature's God,
And man's soul reaches above the clod.
'Tis the time when the hills are made of plush,
And the brook slips by with his word of "Hush."

A VIOLET GROWN OLD

In the nest of the buried and dead
Where other wee hearts have bled,
Out and erect he stands alone —
A violet ancient grown.

Where is the fragrance of yesterday?
Where are the friends of song and play?
Sombreness only his soul may own —
This violet ancient grown.

Made for a soul that is wearied out,
Made to dispel some gloom or doubt,
Left for the soul of a man alone —
A violet ancient grown!

Spreading leaf and gentle shell;
Of passion's reach, a tongue;
Pearling bend of fragrant bell,
And tone of purity song.
For in the dell and in the bell
Is the lilies' life.

Killing touch of mortal hand,
Of passing human wish;
King he is, 'tis his command —
So die, bird and fish.
For in the dell, the dying bell
Is the lilies' life.

Empty heart and finished deed,
Bend of a broken tree,
Passing note with music's speed,
Oiled and morbid sea —
From the dell, the drooping bell
Of the lilies' life.

Withered bloom and fading flash,
Beam of last year's sun,
Buried tear and perfumed ash —
Thus the day is done.
Grieving dell and silent bell —
Withered lilies lie.

Mountain, calm and true to me,
Bear me the breath of flower and tree;
Grant me the gift of an open heart;
And then all mysteries of love impart!
For yonder, all misty and big and true,
I count you my guardian, Hill of Blue.

Mountain, sweet and dear to me,
I'll climb once more to your topmost tree,
And off down the valley and into the night
I'll gaze till the end of the fading light;
And there on the slope that leans to the west
I'll seek me at last the depth of thy rest.

Mountain, speak out to the heart of me
Thy blessing of balm and slope and tree,
And open the heart of thine ancient rock
Till his strength responds to my feeble knock!
And there, in the vim of ages past,
I'll strengthen my will with his will at last.

Bailey, young hearts call out to thee —
Hearts that are young for the cares to be,
And call to thee in different lights,
And seek thee out through weary nights;
And they look to thee for their strength of will —
Grant them their prayer, O rock-ribbed hill!

LITTLE WET FLOWERS

Little wet flowers of hillside
Spoke with crystal tears,
And talked of the future springtime,
Of all the promised years.

Little wet flowers of valley
Looked up to the gray-green walls
Of frowning rock and tree-buds,
And tingled with wee love-calls.

Little wet flowers of heartache
Sang out to the vale and hill,
And gathered a wee hope-fancy
To strengthen a weakened will.

SUCH A DAY

A SUMMER heat, but a sweet day!
The day's begun
With a glory sun —
My time to pray!

A sad day, but a glad day!
The dying trees
And the funeral breeze
Make me pray.

A cold day, but a glad day!
The lashing sleet,
Like a winding sheet,
Bids me pray!

A fresh spring and a new day!
The bursting clod
Proclaims our God —
And I pray.

A LOVE FANCY

Into my soul on a summer's day
A rapturous dream-thought came
And built me a palace of play,
But left me to fashion its name.

Part of my dream was a fairy ship,
And part was the ocean's blue;
So I carved me out of a ruby's lip
The word that spells just " you."

TO EMILIE

O Little Girl of Starlight,
O Little Girl of Dream,—
Nestling in the fancies
Of a glad sunbeam,—
Come from out the flowers,
Tread upon the dew,
Fill the daylight hours
With the breath of you!

O Little Girl of Fragrance,
O Little Girl of Rose,
You are in the shadows
Where the southwind blows.
Come upon the whisper
Of a honey-bee,
Be a tender lisper
To the heart of me.

LIKE THEE

Distant and desperate sun depths,
Pooled and fringed with a cloud,
Sobbing circles of rain-light,
Lost from the sky's moisture crowd,
Are like thee.

Silvered and sorrowing gray-age,
Joyous medium heights
Fashioned into a crown of life
Shaded by love's high-lights,
Are like thee.

Violet-hidden the love-dream
Where I leaned on the river lip,
This is a rare, sweet vintage,
This is love — let me sip —
All of thee.

Dearest, I have thought of the nighttime,
Fraught with its myriad dreams
And its roseate, rainbow gleams.
Dearest, I have fought with the nighttime,
And battled in vain it seems,—
For swept from the moorings of reason,
Away on a great love's bark,
I bathed in the early morning
Like a veritable song-mad lark.
For up to the gold edge brimming
I poured me a potion of dreams,—
Of magical, carefree dreams,
Distraught with the passion of yearning,
With love's forebodings it teems.
Ah, then, through the network of fancy,
Aglow with a holy light,
Is fashioned the hallowed night,—
The quiet, the dark and the silence of promised
delight,—
Ah, sweetheart,— of promised delight!

A LITTLE FAREWELL

Lover girl, with your eyes of blue
And the beautiful curve of lips,
Grant me a kiss from a heart so true
In the touch of your fragrant lips.

Lover girl, with the hand of caress
And the heart of a bluebird true,
Kiss me again with the power to bless
The heart of your lover true.

Lover girl, with a heart of gold
And the song of a soul sincere,
Pour into the treasures of silver and gold
The hallowed purity tear.

Lover girl, as I go away,
Never to come again,
Teach my soul in a great new way
That joy shall arise from my pain.

GOOD NIGHT, LOVE

Good night, Love. All the world is sleeping;
I alone sit up and watch the dying glow.
Good night, Love. All my heart is weeping
For the dying winter and the melting snow.

Good night, Love. Heaven's sun is waking;
I alone must perish in its radiant glow.
Good night, Love. My last day is a-breaking,
Fading heart of winter,— and I must go.

ROMANCE

Away off down the valley —
A brook.
Midway down our alley —
Lives the cook!
Three yards around the waist line —
Policeman Bill.
Shadowy, lacking head line —
The window sill!

Nighttime brings the moonlight —
Likewise Bill —
Hankering, yearning, whistling
To the window sill.
All supper dishes washed up —
Likewise cook,
They wander down the valley
By the brook.

Moonlight is enchanting,
So Bill says.
Ghosts are out a-haunting —
Cook? She prays!
Frightened by the shadows —
Takes his arm.
Policeman Bill protects her
From all harm.

Back they come from walking —
Neither has been missed.
Neither one is talking —
They have kissed!
Such a lovely strolling
By the brook!
Mother's quite distracted —
Now no cook!

A LITTLE jack-rabbit
Leaped into a thicket;
Towser raised a mighty howl,
And then played cricket.

Children got to screaming,
Excited by the racket;
Twig caught one fellow
By his hole-y jacket.

The teacher, irritated,
Sent for limber switches;
Dusted little Martin
On his well-worn breeches.

"Heap much" excited
Through the sunny day,—
That's what happens everywhere;
Big folks act that way.

A "MELODY IN F"

Fond foolish fancies,
Found in fairy flies,
Dangling in the sunshine
Of the summer skies.

Fond father frantic —
Foolish *fils* farewell;
Anxious mother crying,—
Son is seeking Hell.

Faith finds follower,—
Flees the fiery fiend;
Hymn from nearby choir,—
Prodigal redeemed.

First the faithful father
Finds the fatted folly;
Lean and hungry wastrel,—
Home is awful jolly!

THE DUST THAT IS TO BE

(With Apologies to Kipling)

When the last of the mud has vanished,
And the streets are free from the rain,
And the stickiest clods have flattened,
And the sun has come back again,—
We shall smile, and surely we need to,
For the lines of the saddened face
Have stiffened into an outline
Too sad for the human race.

And all that was sad shall rejoice us,
And all that was gloom shall be bright,
For " dust unto dust " is our motto,
And all fear a muddy plight;
And the clouds shall regain their whiteness,
And only our rubbers be sad
For the end of the days of darkness
And return of the days that are glad.

And only the heat shall annoy us,
And off go the winter coats,
And on with the young, spring jacket,
And gone all the cold and sore throats.
But each for the joy of the dust-bath,
And each with his own little cloud,
Shall raise all the dust that he wishes,
And be " cussed " by the following crowd.

He sang, and he sang a song so queer
I said to myself, " Oh, dear; oh, dear,
This wee teakettle is mad, I fear."

But I listened and listened until, it seems,
That he and I had been dreaming dreams,
And the coals of the fire laughed out in gleams.

This wee teakettle is dear to me now,
We've quite gotten over our bit of a row;
He's taught me new things of all life, I allow.

"DOIN'S"

Frogs has got to croakin'
And a-creakin' and a-cryin';
Brooks keeps on a-chokin'
In its sobbin' an' its sighin'.

Chilluns goin' a-wadin',
Stumpin' lil' wet toes;
Gardner is a-spadin';
Growin' things jes' grows.

Birds has got to matin'
Jes' so dreadful soon,
An' I jes' got to waitin'
For the midnight moon.

Seems to be a-stirrin'
'Bout most everywhere,
An' a kin' o' whirrin'
Through all the sweet air.

Seems I got a feelin'
In these here bones
Tells me o' Spring stealin'
Un'erneath the stones!

SONG OF THE BULLFROGS

Old Daddy Bullfrog sat in de swamp
Up ter he chin in de mire,
An' he kep' up his quarrelin' wid Mammy Frog
An' de chillun settin' by her.
'Twas de dark ob de moon in de Dismal Swamp,
Dey waz er waitin' dar fu' de firefly lamp,
An' er tellin' dey troubles in de dark an' de
damp,
Dar in de mud an' de mire.

Lil' Billy Bullfrog say ter he ma
Out in de Dismal Swamp,
" I'se mouty tired er waitin,' Ma,
Fer dat measly firefly lamp.
Ma heart am ober in Bullfrog Town
With Mary Frog er roamin' er-roun',
An' ma voice am outer tune I'se foun'.
Jes' lissen,— 'Ker-champ — kerchamp.' "

An' ole Mammy Bullfrog say ter her son,
Swallerin' a keerless fly,
"G'long, g'long, dat's nonsense, chile;
Dat gal ain't gointer cry.
Eben if yo waits hyer all of de night
Till de Glee Club start an' dat firefly light,
T'ain't gwinter hu't yer a bit, an' I'se right;
Shet up, shet up,— y' ain't gwine die."

Den old Daddy Bullfrog say in his th'oat,
A-glarin' at his son,
" Huccume, huccume, you act this way?
Yo' gotter sing dat song.
So shet up dat fuss an' set up straight,
I'se a gwinter crack yo' silly pate,
Youse de wuss chile outer de eight,
So go 'long, go 'long, go 'long!"

But dey wait all night fer dat firefly lamp,
Out in de dark an' de gloom;
An' hit nebber come, fer dat firefly lamp,
Ma chile, was de big roun' moon.
An' all night long in de mud an' de mire
Dey waited dar fer dat lamp er fire.
An' Daddy Bullfrog sang, while de morn got nigher,
" Comin' soon — comin' soon — comin' soon."

Honey, w'en de lights am a-flickerin' out,
Yonder in de west;
An' dem goblin soun's am er-roamin' about —
Yo'd jes' better be yo' best! —
Dem's ghosts!

An' chile, yo 'member all about dat noise
Tappin' on yo baid?
Dat's a warnin' fer de li'l bad boys,
An' yo'd better tuck in yo' haid.
Dem's ghosts!

W'en yo hear de whine ob dat yallar dawg,
Nosin' roun' de stoop;
Set yo' eye on dat back hearth log,
An' twis' dat 'baccer loop,—
Dere's ghosts!

But, baby, w'en de hants am nosin' roun',
Scarin' you mos' ter deaf,
Lay dat har's foot on de groun',
Cunjer 'im, hol' yo' breaf,—
Dem's ghosts!

FANCY

Intangible, sovereign mood,
Fraught with thoughts all crude,
Will-o'-the-wisp of mental play,
Moonlit through the woodsy way.

Skipping, singing with joy,
Fond with a fool's alloy,
Delicate dream of silver light,
Out of the reach of real foresight.

Fire and rain and tears,
Ash of the ancient years,
Memory's shadow, mad and wild —
Fancy, the Dream-life's child.

PINES MOONLIT

Sovereign alchemist Moon,
Spring on the night unaware,
Grant me a great, new boon,
To a timid soul who would dare
Claim thee soon.

Power of radiant light,
Wan to the blindman's sight,
Paint all anew the grove of pine,
That in a new way my God is mine
In awakened midnight —

Pine trees sing and whisper and sigh
To the heart of a wanderer, such as I;
And the moonlight full of silence will
Teach to the tune of the singing rill
The melodies of the sky!

THE BURIAL OF DREAMS

They put you 'way down in the valley,
Away from the hurrying feet,
Away from the noise of the street.
O tomb of my great ideal!
O solemn lost soul!

And I seek you anon in the nighttime,
Fearsome and all afraid —
If the truth should be said —
With a backward glance of horror,
O thieves of the good and right!

Profane is the touch of the real,
O selfish, O confident world —
I, from my dreamland hurled!
Oh, awful, this sacrilege selling,
O murderous hand of time!

I bought, with the selling of spirit,
The shame of a silent soul,—
The price of material toll;
And I find it unworthy the buying,—
This skeleton soul!

Ah, white is the sepulcher standing,
Lost as a thing apart,
Containing its tortured heart.
And I sigh me a sigh of failure,—
A slave of golden greed.

And I seek in the blackness of nighttime
This marble, the tomb of my soul,
When the thunders of prophecy roll,
And, flashing, the lightning of fancy
Revealeth the ghost of my soul.

And I sob in despair of this living,
A cry that is hollow with din,
The remorse of my sin.
And I give up the all of my longing
At the cold marble tomb — at the tomb.

COULD WE BUT KNOW

Ah Love, could we but touch the hidden treasures,—
Uncover only gleaming, gleaming, glittering gold,—
And feast the gaze on this, one round world's pleasures,
Though they should mean the selling of a soul —
Could we not rise to heights undreamed?
See, where yon moon's silver symbol beamed;
A prodigal indeed is she
With yonder path across the foolish sea.

Ah Love, what know we of those mystic regions,
That spirit land around, above, beneath, about,
Where shallow shapes sweep 'round in legions
That we shall join when goes our candle out?
Could we but know their sinning and their sorrow,
Our lives might different be tomorrow.
Ah Love, such shapes, such miracles around us go —
Could we but know, could we but know!

PATHS

Sweet wee ways of gladness,
Sweet wee ways of pain,
Sweet wee bits of sadness,
And storm of a summer rain,
Are all of them ways to my liking
And all of them ways of my gain.

Sad sea waves of ocean,
Sad sea waves of grain,
Sad sea waves of emotion,
And hail on the window pane,
Are all of them seats of learning
And all of them welcome again.

Ways of the weak and shallow,
Ways of the deep and strong,
Ways of the lean and sallow,
Ways of the wicked and wrong,
Are all in my paths of walking,
Are paths of the whole day long.

And who would have thought it
Just yesterday?
The violet's alive,
And the lilies play,
And I met a big tree
Just humming a song,
And a wee cloud cried
As he sped along,
And all of the things have souls they say.
Who would have thought it — just yesterday?

MY LIFE GIFT

I CANNOT give it on a wooden cross,
Nor does death offer soldier fame,
Nor can I lay it in a victor's loss —
It is too much a-flame.

I crave that I shall live a life supreme,
Void of all fear or craven shame,—
To make my life to burn of golden dream,
And thus to be a-flame.

To give to one a star of silver worth,
To place a jewel in his name,
To make my sorrow into holy mirth,
The whole with love a-flame.

And not that I shall keep it all —
This life a-flame —
But send abroad its radiant call,
In Jesus' name.

TO THE WORLD SILENT

THERE are ears that would hear a-right,
There are eyes that would claim their sight,
There are nerves all aquiver with would-be
touch,
There are senses alert with the throb of
much.

So, Things of a world all still,
O Things that make God's will,
Open to me with your great, sad selves,
Open to me all your fairies and elves!

Mine is the heart that would willing sing,
Mine are the words with your life to ring;
I have prayed that our Father would give me
the note,
The speech for your dumbness of lip and throat.

Let me taste of the perfumed air
As I breathe.
Let me learn of the calm of morn
When I seethe.
Open my eyes to the bloom
Of the freshened earth.
Let me have with thine other things
The great new birth!

Let me touch with awakened sense
All new, alert;
Tune my heart to the song
Of the singing dirt;
Out of the tomb of my doubt
Raise for me Faith;
A new body for me fashion
From this wraith.

May the song and the word of my lips
Breathe out praise.
May I learn of earth's melodies
And of her ways.
May I eat of the food He has made
For the soul of me.
May I sing with the selfsame rhythm
That swings the sea.

A-tune with the hope of life
And the sea and the sod,
May the notes of my song as I pass
Bespeak my God!

HEART OF HUNGER

You asked me one day, all doubting,
A thing I could never explain,
The why of my whims and my fancies,
And really the why of my pain.

You asked me the whence and the wherefore,
And showed you were plainly annoyed
When I longed for the soul of your interest
And all the sweet thoughts you've employed.

You asked when my heart was all hungry,
And even for love all a-thirst;
And yet you were far, far away, dear,—
You, even you who are first.

Hunger of heart was my portion,
And I shut up my soul in its shell.
Your eyes saw no loneliness in me
And the want that is worse than Hell.

You asked, but I blame you not for it;
You are human as well as divine.
You are my same, dearest, Friend-One,
You are now none the less called mine.

O my Friend, I have placed you within me,
The keys of my moods are your own.
Though you rule without question or answer,
There are times when I must feel alone.

BEING BLUE

Black draperies within a blue-gray heart —
And elsewhere is the sun —
Sable settings for my pastime
When the nights have won.

Ghost-ridden fancies in a cleft of heart —
And elsewhere is the light —
Whims and moods upon my spirit,
And continuous night.

Vagaries swift and piercing —
Elsewhere Reason's realm —
Boding dire, portentous,
Frantic fears o'erwhelm.

Sable and ghost and portent —
Unnecessarily blue.
Why do we do it, Comrade?
I know no more than you.

A VOID

Touch of death in autumn wind
And foam on angry wave,
Childhood's heart on summer morn
And tear on new made grave.

Maple leaf in early fall
And winter moan of sea,
Sullen cloud at sunset time
And wind on moor and lea.

Nightingale and crescent moon,
And shadow on the lake,
Left off touch of love just dead
In the struggle of give and take.

These, my heart, are our negatives,
Our tale of the barren waste;
Neglect to Love that is our child,
At will to come or go.

EYES OF ERROR

A CHILD played madly and laughed and sang
And plucked him a parkside flower,
And listened while melodies rippled and rang
From the bells of the tiny flower.
But the laughter left and the melodies died
As the eyes of error that saw him lied.

A maid walked out with dazzled eyes,
And straight to the heart of the city,
And soiled her soul with artful lies
Till her heart had lost its pity.
And a moan from the dying was never heard
For the life of her eyes of error erred.

A woman learned law from a balcony seat,
And watched the passing throngs,
But dropped a rose to the criminal street
That awakened a few new songs.
But a minister sneered with a caustic word
His eyes of error had erred — had erred.

And children and women and men and kings
Look out where the world is passing by,
And talk of evil and good — and things,
And turn from the truth to a lie.
For we judge and are judged as ones that were,
For the mind and soul and eyes of us err.

CHILD HEART

O Man with your wondrous gift!
O Woman with ways of grace!
I, with my heart adrift,
Gaze rapt on your childlike face —
For I need a new cap and gown,
And my bells have ceased to ring;
I plead for the silken down
Of the great child heart to sing!

O Man with your gift of life!
O Woman with heart a-flame!
Lead me the way of strife,
Lead me to lisp your name.
For my mien is mature and gray,
My soul has grown hard and cold.
I need to go far, far away,—
I need the child heart of gold.

DOWN THE GLEN

At the little schoolhouse in the pine trees
I played for awhile.
I studied and listened and learned a-pace,
And made a new smile.
And once I walked with the teacher
Out of the beaten track
Down into a hilly, shadowy spot
And then came back.
But I learned, O Soul, I learned!
I learned of God and of men!
That day when I walked with my *Teacher*
Down to a leafy glen!

LIFE'S TRINITY

The Labor was long and the west was red,
When Learning came to the gateway
And gently claimed the tired head
While Love took charge of the heartway.

And Labor and Learning and Love were there
At the end as in the beginning,
And Labor and Learning and Love made prayer
For the human and his sinning.

And the Christ appeared at the carpenter's bench
And smiled from the books of Learning,
But shed a tear on the graven trench
Where Love had worked at Yearning.

A WAY OF THINKING

'Tis the way we think, we live,
'Tis in the soul's expanse we give;
And life is what we most desire,
A rich complete of dew and fire.

For all our hopes we always blend
With dreams and pasts we daily spend.
And rose and wreath we quick divide
And scatter on the future's tide.

O Friend, reach out your hand to me,
And let our pasts and futures be.
We must work out the promised pay,
Complexities of this today.

Wail, Woman, wail! You of the cactus-land!
For the finished wail is the finished tale
Of a wild and wasted land.
And the finished wail is the finished tale
Of hostile gun and hand.

Wait, Woman, wait! You have waited long indeed!
For the sun on sod and stone and clod
Is the cursed country's need.
For the sun on sod and stone and clod
Is the fiery warlock's seed.

Pray, Woman, pray! The prayer of faith God grants,
And Mary's Son ere the day is done
May change their hearts perchance.
And Mary's Son ere the day is done
May banish flag and lance.

Count, Woman, count! Your beads are your only hope —
For the days of feast and the beggar's beast
Sit at your door and mope.
For the days of feast and the idle priest
Have you for their only hope.

Die, Mothers, die! Man makes a cruel world!
For the peon's gun and the angry sun
Their rays of death have hurled.
For the angry sun and the peon's gun
Guerrilla war unfurled.

AT BUENA VISTA

Over the shoulders that wore the blue,
Over the shoulders that bore our guns,
Mexican stars and Mexican dew
And beating fury of Mexican suns
Guard the unmarked ranks of blue.

And careless peons, with unwashed feet,
And laughing jest at the place of death,
Pass with the careless guitar beat
And puff their clouds of cigarette breath,
And comrade ghosts their comrades meet.

O barren, barren battlefield —
With here and there just nature's stones
To mark the spot with courage steeled
Where dusty soil holds "Gringo bones"
On barren Buena Vista's Field!

Comrades, shoulder arms again
And take the flag to comfort them,
To rest the pathos of their pain
Beneath the blue of starry hem
That holds the night upon their train!

The cruel feet of brown half-breed
Must not defame their resting place!
The cruel sneer of Spanish seed
Must die upon the careless face!
The Mexican must now take heed!

O'er hearts that bore them ever true,
And veins that bled from mongrel ball,
Tread lightly, lest you stir the blue
That answered at the battle call;
Tread lightly, Half-Breed, through the dew!

THE NET

Draw it closer, men of nighttime,
Not half full the human toll,
Fill it full of pure and impure
While the hastening seasons roll.
Maid and Mother, mind the system
Ere it claim you for its own,—
Octopus, and ever hungry
For the taste of girls alone.

Draw it closer, man or devil,
There are others you may get,
For the net is almost empty
And the fish are many yet.
There was once a Son of Mankind,
But He spake not of a "den"
When His gentle words were uttered
"Fishers, ye shall be, of men."

Draw the net; the night is early,—
The clock is striking only ten,—
And the cry of many thousands
Is the cry for lust again.
Look upon the face of evil;
Satan draws his cord in close,
And the world shall take his tonic
In a dark and deadening dose.

Draw the net; the prey is wary;
There are many that would save,
And the heart of gentle girlhood
Begs for honor or the grave,
Ring the words out clearly, Workers,
They are true today as then;
For your hope is full of purpose,
"Fishers, ye shall be, of men."

IMMIGRANT

Sing me a song of the Immigrant,
Lonely and sick of soul,
Glad to the shores of the Promised Land
Paying a seeker's toll.
Sing me a song of the sick at heart,
Of the ways and sins of man,
Of the soul-fed purse and the traveller's curse,
And the sin of the Promised Land.

Sing me a song of the Immigrant,
Joyous and glad of heart,
Come to the arms of an open world
And the wiles of a hidden art.
Sing me a song of the laborer's breath
And the foul and tainted air,
And the song of death in the miner's breath,
And a hopeless Catholic prayer!

Sing me a song of the fatherland,
Of customs staid and old —
Free and young the New World's way,
But ancient to ways of gold.
Sing me a song of this Promised Land
And its weeping woman and child,
And the cry of dearth of the promised earth,
And the pain of the mind that is mild.

Sing me a song of the gaping mine,
And of poison and death within.

Sing me a song of the subway's whine,
And the New World's olden sin.
Sing me of greed and the clutch of hearts
In the twist of an iron paw;
And the darkened gloom of the under-tomb,
And the execution of Law.

Sing me a wail of the underworld
With its hunger for foreign toll,
Sing me a wail of the blackened heart
And the sale of a human soul —
But sing likewise of this Promised Land
And sing of its hearts that are true,
And the burden of song *must* change ere long
To a carol of spirit hue.

A PRAYER

O King-Maker and Infinite Good!
Reach me tonight as I play aloft,
Grant me choice of worthy mood,
Teach my heart to sing of life oft!

O Sovereign Lover, Tender Lord!
Fill me and grasp my soul in Thy hand;
Grant me, O Giver of Breathing Word,
To know and to do Thy command!

Great Lonely Comrade of Mankind!
Teach me to know Thy walks and ways;
Grant me Thy breath (most glorious find!)
That with Thy notes I sing Thy praise.

O Wonder-Doer, Heart of Life!
Thrill me through with Thy current's power,
That now on earth in evil strife
I may recognize Thine hour.

PURE OF HEART

A BABE came into a wicked life,
Flooded by rivers of sin;
But through the murk of evil strife,
Deadened and deafened with sin,
Lived like a white rosebud!

The child climbed up a roadway white,
Under a blazing sun,
And poured on the lips of a seeker of light
The water of work well done,—
The work of the pure in heart.

The man fought well in the crowded mart,
Fought with dirt and death;
But single of purpose and pure of heart,
And clean and sweet of breath,
Fought in the lists of God.

The soul walked down a shaded lane,
Walked where truth had won;
And prayed for the touch of the crowds again,
But the masses with him were done.
Crowds love the broad highroad.

The lonely soul passed on to God
With a plea for his finished part;
And the Man of Sorrows and Love and Sod
Was comrade to Pure in Heart —
And the child had seen his God!

A HOPE SONG

Out of the depths I come
And follow after Thee.
Thy gracious word of love
Has set me free.

Out of the past of doubt
And into the light again;
After the days of fear
And nights of pain.

Now with a glad, new song
From the lips and soul of me
I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
That I am free!

PURITY

Child, with your wondrous tempting,
Your body and mind and soul,
Breath of the purest thinking
And all of your qualities whole,
Go gaze on the sin-stained millions,—
But gaze from the mountain height;
And knowing the paths of darkness,
Tread life all free from blight.

Woman with touch of the wondrous,
Your heart is a thing all pure,
Your thought can claim the futures
And cure disease without cure:
And the thing that is low and fallen
With loss of a human light
May rise from the murk and mire
Because you are free from blight.

Mother, your life is of suffering,
Your body has known its pain,
Your heart is scarred and broken,
Your mind ever weary again.
But your life is alive with blessing
And you lead to the might of right,
For the touch of your inspiration
Is free from the earthborn blight.

Soul that would know its Maker,
Heart that is full of care,

Your hope is the hope of millions,
Purity once their prayer;
But still through the touch of the mortal,
And still in the Valley of Blight,
There shineth the cross of a Saviour
Aglow with a mortal's light.

PRAYER SYMPATHY

Within the incompletion of my thought
I seek the path of human prayer;
And all within the knowledge of blood-bought
I find Him there, I find Him there.

Friend, pass your way as I go mine,
A little mile between, maybe,
And at the turn I see your deeper sign —
Perhaps a sign for me, a sign for me.

No doubt just then I need a helper's hand —
The strife is long, the sun is hot;
And on I go to seek a shadowland —
And as with you, this is my lot.

A little mile between the two, no doubt;
And prayer-thought all so incomplete;
Yet to our spirits is no real without —
And promises of God are sweet, so sweet!

MINE HOST

Into the chamber of blue and gold,
With fretwork of fancies divinely told,
Throughout the circle of sea and land,—
An orchestra filled with a bird-throat band,—
And I am the guest of God!

Without the touch of a single fault,
From spread of sky to the jewel vault,
My suite of rooms is a wondrous place,
Reflecting the sheen of its Maker's face,—
In this, the place of Mine Host!

With all of the joy of a royal guest,
My body and soul with His garments dressed,
And the food of His table for brain and frame,
Marked with the letters of His wondrous name,—
I feel my Gentle Host!

And though to mine eye He be unseen,
I see with my soul and heart a-lean
To His touch, His look, and His presence near,
In this guest-chamber of wide world here,—
And He is Mine Host!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 928 463 3